

MONKEY WAS A PICKPOCKET

English Thieves Had Valuable Assistant in Small Pet They Had Trained to Steal.

Four men and a female monkey have been caught picking pockets at the Ham fair and arrested, says the London Telegraph.

One of the former, an old soldier from Algeria, carried the animal under his arm. The monkey is a clear, engaging little thing, and the holiday crowd stopped to pet it.

Not a bit shy, it made up to everyone, allowed itself to be fondled and fed, and played prettily at rifling its new found friends' coat pockets. It had a funny little face and a look quite "like a human's."

It was, in fact, extremely human, and its play was no play at all. It rifled pockets in earnest, and, while its admirers were saying "Dear little thing" and studying its expression it removed purses and watches rapidly and passed them round with marvelous sleight of paw to its master.

The four accomplices of the monkey, when arrested, explained the game. They are proud of their pet's intelligence.

"She's a wonder. She practically wanted no training, but took to the trick natural like, and she beats the best man, woman or child at it."

NOT ALTOGETHER.



Mab—Did she marry him for pure love?
Chloe—No. It was adulterated with money.

JUSTIFIABLE FALSEHOOD.

Thomas A. Hueston, the champion pool player of the world, replied to a toast on "The Spring" at a dinner in New York.

"The spring," said Mr. Hueston, "has its joys. It has its sorrows, too. Here is a story: Smith was suing Jones, his next-door neighbor, for five feet of ground which he claimed had been encroached on. Jones' lawyer began cross examining him.

"Now, Mr. Smith," the lawyer said, "did you or did you not tell my client last year that the three feet of ground in question belonged to him?"

"Permit—"
"No, I permit nothing. Answer my question, yes or no. Did you tell Mr. Jones those three feet of ground belonged to him?"

"Yes, I did," said Smith desperately, "but please remember that the month was April and we were both working our lawnmowers at the time."

TELEPHONED TO DOG.

Sport, an intelligent Boston bull pup owned by Dr. Charles S. Chandler, a Columbia university instructor, who has a summer home in New Hartford, recently held a conversation with his master and mistress over the telephone between New Hartford and New York city, a distance of 100 miles.

John Fox Smith, at whose home in New Hartford Sport is kept in the winter, and Dr. Chandler first conversed over the wire, after which the doctor asked how Sport was. Sport was placed so he could hear his master's voice and went into antics of joy, barking and whining.

Mrs. Chandler also spoke to the dog, and he recognized her voice and barked hilariously.

UNREASONABLE DOCTOR.

"Even with flattery," said Mark Twain at a dinner, "you can't please some men."

"I remember when I was a reporter in Virginia City, Nev., there was a doctor I liked—I had camped once on Lake Tahoe with him—and in an obituary I decided to give him a little card. I wrote:

"Dr. Sawyer was called in and under his prompt and skillful treatment the patient died on Monday."

"But Dr. Sawyer, somehow, wasn't pleased."

BORN ON FAMOUS SHIP

Frederick A. W. Gaffron of Kansas City First Saw the Light on the Glorious Constitution.

"Old Ironsides," the frigate Constitution, his birthplace—this is the distinction of Frederick A. W. Gaffron, cashier of a restaurant at Tenth and Wyandotte streets. He was born on board the ship August 18, 1845, while the vessel was in the Gulf of Mexico, two days out of New Orleans.

Mr. Gaffron the other day received a baptismal certificate signed by Rev. Mr. Quade, pastor of the Evangelistic church at Bocholt, Westphalia, Prussia. It says that the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gaffron, born aboard the ship Constitution, was baptized in that church and given the name of Frederick August William.

"I never did have a clear understanding of how my parents came to be aboard the Constitution," said Gaffron, "but I suppose they were refugees from New Orleans, where an epidemic of yellow fever was raging at that time. My parents left Germany five years before I was born. I remained in Bocholt until after I had finished school, and then came back here. Five years ago I visited the Constitution at the Charleston navy yard, near Boston. I have as a relic one of the brass door hinges from one of the cabins. This summer I am going to visit 'Old Ironsides' at the Jamestown exposition."—Kansas City Star.

AT THE BALL.



He (awkward dancer)—I seem to be treading on a feather.
She—You are mistaken. It is only my foot.

CROW WAS A GOOD SAILOR.

Once a young crow was found in a Jersey marsh. It was taken home and cared for. The owner was an enthusiastic small boatman, and frequently sailed through a narrow and difficult swash channel in a long sand bar. The crow enjoyed sailing, and enjoyed the swash channel navigation more than any other. It would caw and sputter all the way through, but if the sailor happened to strike bottom the bird would yell, apparently derisively, and fly away home. "He would never allow me to let the sail shake along the luff for an instant without making a fuss over it, and understood when it was time to jibe over, and always let me know it," the owner wrote.

SYNDICATES OWN LAND.

Of the 90,000,000 acres of fertile land in the west of Canada the government has allotted 75,280,000 and has only 14,180,000 left. In 1906 the crop acreage of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with a population of 806,928, was 7,283,719 acres. Only a small proportion of this has fallen into the hands of bona fide farmers. Forty million acres of the fertile land given out by the government is in the hands of companies, syndicates and private and other owners, all of whom are holding for the purpose of obtaining higher prices.

CLING TO OWN LANGUAGE.

The Euche Indians, 500 in number, who live in a remote part of the Creek nation, cling to their own language and marry principally among their own tribe, after being conquered and absorbed by the Creek Indians more than 200 years ago. In some cases a Euche may marry a Creek and the children will speak to the father in the Euche language and to the mother in Creek.

SHE DIDN'T PLAY.

He—Play something, won't you?
She (moving toward the piano)—What shall I play?
He (obligingly)—Oh, it doesn't matter. All pieces sound alike to me.

STORY POINTED A MORAL

Archibald Clavering Gunter's Clever Illustration of Case of Indirect Bribery.

Some editors were discussing the personality of the late Archibald Clavering Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York."

"Gunter," said a dramatic editor, "had a keen sense of honor. Bribery of any sort was very distasteful to him. I remember the pointed way in which he told a bribery story in the presence of a theatrical manager whose eulogistic reviews in the press were thought to be due in one or two cases to 'palm oil.' A weekly paper had attacked this manager and then suddenly turned round and praised him. The manager said it was a remarkable thing. He could not understand it. And then Gunter told his story. He said there was an old railway watchman who was overfond of whisky. One cold and stormy night the watchman found a tramp in a warm box car and sternly ordered him to be off. The tramp begged and pleaded. In vain. The watchman knew his duty and would perform it. So the tramp rose from his comfortable corner and slowly and sadly pinned up the collar of his thin coat as some protection against the storm.

"All right, boss," he said; "I'll go if I must. You've got to do your duty." Then he pulled a pint flask from his hip pocket. "To show there's no ill feeling," he added, "take a swig o' this." The watchman's hard eyes softened and lit up and as he stretched out an eager hand he said smilingly: "Sit down, man. Ye didn't think I was in earnest, did ye?"

EASY TO SEE THAT.



First Owl (looking at the fellow or spotted deer)—Hoot, mon! They look fond of each other!
Second Owl—Of course, silly! Can't you see they're on their honeymoon—look at the confetti!

USE OLD TIME OVENS.

In Canada the French settlers still continue to use large brick ovens out of doors such as were built in France 250 years ago. The perfection of the stove and range in the last 50 years has driven many of these ovens out of commission, but many of the inhabitants think that no good baking can be done in any other oven. Its use is simple. A fire is made in the oven of good hard wood and when the oven is exceedingly hot the ashes are raked out and the large loaves ready to bake are placed on the bottom of the oven without pans. This method of baking makes a very thick croute or crust. As all of the natural elements of the grain are left in the flour the bread is dark in color.

NO USE.

"I hear you use hypnotism," said the woman, "and I want you to try it on my husband. He's suffering dreadfully."

"All right," responded the dentist, "bring him in."

"Bring him in? Why, say, unless you hypnotize him first he can't be dragged within ten blocks of your office."

"Absent treatment is out of my line," responded the professional man, somewhat coldly.

THE MISTAKES OF OTHERS.

"We should learn to profit by the mistakes that others make," said the philosopher.

"I do that right along," replied the humorist. "Bagley got into the wrong house when he came home from the banquet the other night and I wrote a story about it which I have just sold to one of the comic papers for nine dollars."

MERELY A LEARNER AS YET.

Soker—I won \$50 from Bings last night playing poker.
Joker—Why, does Bings know how to play poker?

Soker—Not yet.—Lippincott's.

THE MASK OF HEALTH.

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FORTUNES IN SUNKEN TIMBER.

For the thousandth time the story is set going that vast fortunes are about to be reaped by raising sunken logs in the rivers of Minnesota and Wisconsin and along the shores of Lake Superior. We are told that sound pine logs do not deteriorate in water, no matter how long immersed, and that timber submerged for half a century has been found in perfect condition. It might pay somebody handsomely to tackle the Dismal swamp and rescue its long-buried juniper trees. When boys were boys 50 years ago they were told by pedagogues that all whetstones with a white side and a slate-colored side were made of the heart and sap of the hickory tree immersed in water for seven years and petrified. The result was that every cistern was choked with pieces of hickory, which the boys actually believed would be fossilized on schedule time.

SATISFIED WITH COUNSEL.

A young newsboy had brought suit against another newsboy who had tried to capture his corner of the street. The paper sent a lawyer to defend its representative, while the youngster had to present his case himself. He had been watching the progress of several cases before his was called and as soon as the justice said: "Jones vs. Smith" he jumped up and yelled: "I object!" "State your objection," commanded the justice.

"Well, he's got a lawyer, and I haven't, and that's not fair," he answered.

"Don't you think you and I can take care of them, young man?" inquired the justice.

"Oh, well, if the court's on my side I'm ready," instantly replied the youngster, and the case proceeded.—Judge.

SMALL DUTIES.

The duty of doing, not great things, but what we can, is the very top and sum of human obligation. One cannot get beyond it; one ought not to stop this side of it. It means the doing of everything that you can, and chiefly it means the doing of things that issue out of the heart toward God and man. It means the setting aside of self, and laying out one's best energies in unselfish, not to be requited, service. It means not merely occupation, industry, attainment; not merely busy hands, but busy affections, sympathies, purposes. It is the little daily acts of Christian love and service that win the Master's "well done," in the Eternal Kingdom.

GENIAL JOHN.

After many vain attempts the plucky interviewer succeeded in meeting the head of the great oil trust face to face.

"I understand, sir, that you are opposed to government ownership?" ventured the interviewer.

"Not at all, my boy," chuckled genial John, stroking his wig. "On the contrary, I would like to see government ownership."

"When?"

"Why, when I own the government." And then genial John poked the interviewer in the ribs and invited him out to play a game of golf.

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